



Cupcakes



👁 47 ✓ 0 ★ 3

Chapter 1 by Story Wars

I never expected to die of poisoning. I especially didn't expect it to be from a poisoned cupcake. I mean, I loved cupcakes! Cupcakes were my life. I owned a cupcake bakery.

I had my own unique flavors, like a pumpkin spice cupcake, a chocolate cheesecake with chocolate chips in the middle. It seemed like everyone loved my cupcakes. My business was a small storefront called "C Is For Cupcake".

The morning of my death was actually the best morning of my life. The day before, I had won Cupcake Wars. I went to the party, and I got my ten thousand dollars. It was gonna be a great rest of my life, cause we had calls coming in and we were gonna be busy for weeks.

The alarm went off, and I got out of bed. I walked across the room to my mirror, and I sighed. Something was missing. I walked back to my bed, and went to the bedside stand. I opened the drawer, and pulled out my lucky watch. It was a white watch with a napoleon cupcake in the middle, and numbers as sprinkles. I put it on, and then walk back to the mirror.

I looked into it, and this time I smiled. My short hair was down, and my dimples were standing

out. I open the drawer, and put my shirt on. I close it, and open another one. I take out a pair of pants, and pull them on.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I go to the bathroom, and I wash my face. I take out a hairbrush, and it pops open. I dip my index and middle finger into the gum, and I put some in my hair. I style it, and I put the cap

back on. I set it down, and look in the mirror. I had my hair spiked up today. It looked amazing, I was proud of my hair.

I walk out of the bathroom, and there's a man standing in the hallway door. I yelp, and jump back. He didn't have a shirt on, which was really hot. I didn't know who he was, but what I did know was that his five o'clock shadow was amazing.

"Are you Mr. Hank?" he asked. I nodded, and gulped. He looked down at a clipboard in his hand. He started writing, and then looked up again. "I understand that you are... Umm... Gay." he said. I nodded again. He snapped his finger, and his pants disappeared. I leaned against the wall, and I slid down.

He slowly started walking over, looking at his clipboard the whole time. "Okay, now for the first test. I'm gonna need you to take off your shirt." he said. I started freaking out.

"But I still don't even know who you are?" I said, finally.

"My name is Lucifer, but that doesn't matter, now take off your shirt. Please." he said the last word harshly. I grab the bottom of my shirt, and he grabs my hand. "Obviously this is hard for you, let me." he said, and ripped my shirt off. "Okay, six pack, pecs. Good, you can put your shirt back on now." I didn't budge. "Okay, then, keep it off. Second and last test."

He snapped his fingers again, and his underwear disappeared.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...



[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account